

RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

VOLUME XIX.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1842.

NUMBER 12.

TALES.

THE THEATRE TICKET; Or, the Two Apprentices.

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CHAPTER I.

"I maintain and enforce the great truth that labor is the decreed and appropriate duty of every man, and that he who evades or shirks from it, not only is recreant to his own responsibilities and unjust to his fellow men, but an enemy to his own highest good. Man's physical and moral nature can only be developed and perfected by exercise, for which labor is the proper and divine appointed method. He who honestly and faithfully labors in whatever department of mechanical industry necessity of choice has dictated, has a just claim to the respect and esteem of his fellow men, and may justly take his stand with the proudest; while the idler, the drone, the prodigal, the consumer of other men's earnings, has no claim to the regard of the commonest, or even to his own."—DR. NOTT.

"The Great Architect who constructed the Mechanism of the Universe, is, reverently be it said, a Mechanic."—LOCKE.

We have once before written upon the subject which we have chosen for the basis of the following tale. But it is as broad and inexhaustable as the errors it exposes are deep rooted and fatal to our national liberties, as well as to our personal independence. If our dearly cherished republic shall escape the catastrophe that terminated the career of every one of its predecessors in ancient and modern days; it must be by the prevalence of more just and liberal views in regard to the distinctions assigned to birth, money, and occupation! The people must be made to act and to feel that the law of reputation, as now observed, has a false basis—that there can be no such thing as personal merit without virtue and usefulness; and that no branch of industry which contributes to the general comfort is intrinsically degrading.—We have, even among the working-classes, a scale of personal merit graduated by occupation, and that fixes, to some extent, the merit of individuals. It is a relic of the absurd prejudices of Europe by which aristocracy and monarchy are upheld; and shows that, although we are, as a nation, free, the works of the old servitude are not obliterated.

This is the age of independence in thought and action. Men are beginning to think fearlessly, and to look at things no longer in the reflected or detested lights of habit and prejudice, but are learning to see them nakedly as they are. The time is coming when men will not judge each other's merit or claims to their acquaintance or confidence, by the occupation they follow; but by the usefulness of their lives; when the lowest labor of the hands will not be regarded dishonorable, if the heart be clean.

"Virtue it gives dignity to toil!

Ask not what hands do shape and carry: but
Ask thou, rather, if the hands themselves be
Stainless! Look not if vestments be all rich,
And finely-woven and embroidered well,

But if the heart be sound that beats beneath."

We will not, however, palm off an essay upon our story-loving readers, instead of a tale.

Not many years ago there appeared in a morning paper the following two advertisements, viz.

"A gentleman who resides in an adjacent town desires to place his son, an intelligent, active youth, seventeen years of age, in a respectable dry goods store in the city; or else in a lawyer's office. Address Justice Dalby, at the office of the Peaston Gazette."

"TO MASTER CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS.

I will bind my son Henry, a stout, healthy, active lad, seventeen years old, to some master carpenter or builder, till he is free. Any good master who wishes an apprentice, may write me at the Peaston, Pa. post office.

HENRY FARNHAM."

The village of Peaston is romantically situated on the banks of the shining Delaware, embosomed in hills, the sides of which are beautified by neat country seats and gardens. It contained, at the period of our story, about six thousand inhabitants, assorted into the customary castes, arising from trades and professions. There were three distinct classes in this village, as in most other American villages; the first embraced the judge, two retired lawyers, two ministers, three doctors in good practice, two rich coal mine owners, seven merchants, and *one mechanic*! The second class comprised the lesser merchants, two poor doctors, the Methodist minister and three mechanics, who could have a "best parlor," own a pew, and send their boys to the "academy." The third class was composed of the poorer tradesmen, laborers, boatmen, &c. &c. These three classes never crossed each other's limits; never entered each other's houses; never associated together socially or religiously. Our story has to do with the first class, and two families belonging to it, viz. that of Mr. William Dalby and of Henry Farnham.

Mr. Dalby, in his youth, had been bound an apprentice to a printer by his father, who was an industrious saddler. But young William by and by became infected by the poisonous notion that "no trade was respectable," and breaking his indentures, went home and finally prevailed on his father to get him a place in a country store. Here he got idle habits and learned to tipple, abstract money from the drawer, and dress extravagantly. His employer soon found he had got to be "too respectable" for his interest, and dismissed him. William now succeeded; after a year's idleness at home, in getting a situation in the city as a book-keeper; but it was not long before it was discovered that he kept the books to harmonize with certain weekly embezzlements of the funds of the concern, and he was one morning politely dismissed from the counting-room. He was now twenty-one years of age, and again became an idler beneath the paternal roof.

Ultimately he succeeded in getting into the village lawyer's office to copy papers and in course of time managed to pass an examination and became a pettyfogging lawyer himself. Shrewd, avaricious and unconscientious, he soon

managed to obtain a peculiar sort of practice which earned him the sobriquet of the "Rogues Lawyer."—By and by he married and became the father of a large family of children. When the eldest boy reached the age of sixteen, he began to look round to see what he should do for him. Lawyer Dalby, himself, had got to be one of "the first" in the village; not because he was a good man, honest and upright, and a useful member in society—but because he was a lawyer: that is, he put his hand to no other work than making out writs to ruin his neighbors. Having risen to this rank, as he himself used to say, by his own talents, and having the good sense to quit the printer's trade, his notions of his dignity were very high. He treated all mechanics with rudeness, haughtiness and scorn, and hapless was the poor laborer that Lawyer Dalby had a writ against.

With this contempt for trades and trades-people, so characteristic of weak and silly minds, it could not be expected of Lawyer Dalby to look for a trade for his son Walter. It would have been his ambition to have sent him to college; but Mr. Dalby had a large family, and he lived so expensively as to consume nearly every dollar he could grind out of the unfortunate or cheat out of the unwary. Next to a liberal education, which in his heart he coveted to give his son for his own pride's sake, a place in a store was the most desirable; for next to one of the "liberal professions," Lawyer Dalby placed that of commerce. It is true, commerce in its extended and highest sense, is a noble profession. Cosmo de Medici ennobled its followers, and the princely merchants of England and America have given it a dignity that even law and medicine have scarcely attained. But there is a wide difference between commerce as a science and as the medium of interchanging the commodities of two Hemispheres, between the merchants who pursue it with countless navies, and that species of trade which consists in selling goods across a counter, and those pseudo merchants who sell a pound of sugar or a yard of tape. But Lawyer Dalby's ideas were not sufficiently refined to enable him to see the difference here hinted at; with him, to be a merchant was *not* to be a mechanic, and so that his son was put to no trade, it was the same to him whether he got "respectability" behind a counter or at the desk of an India merchant.

It was under the influence of these false ideas that Mr. Justice Dalby took up his pen with which he had recently executed a landlord's warrant against a poor saddler who had broken his arm and could not pay his rent, and wrote the first advertisement which we have copied.

In the *caste* into which Lawyer Dalby had been received by virtue of his profession, we have said—doubtless much to the surprise of that sensible portion of our readers who smile with us at the folly of the conventional distinction we are combating—that there was a single *mechanic*.

Mr. Henry Farnham was the son of a shop-keeper in Middle street, in Portland. His father was one of those who have a horror of trades, and who always first ask what a man's profession is? He kept an English goods store and out of the profits of a stock of six thousand dollars struggled to support a growing family "respectably"—that is, dress them and educate them precisely like the children of men who have independent incomes, keep a best parlor *shut up* for company: cushion his pew; drive a "chaise;" and let his family starve a weak on a joint of meat. He put his son Henry into the store with him, instead of putting him to a trade for which the boy showed a preference. Henry soon grew tired of the lazy effeminate life, and finding his father deaf to his entreaties to put him to a carpenter's trade he ran away to sea. After divers adventures he reached Philadelphia, and bound himself to a house carpenter. He worked steadily at his trade till he was twenty-one, and then was taken into partnership with his employer. Having in his apprenticeship studied architecture, he devoted his time principally to planning houses, and soon the celebrity of his skill induced a building committee at Peaston to send for him to give them a plan of a Court House. He gave them such satisfaction that they employed him to build it. Here he became acquainted with a young lady whose father was a wealthy coal mine proprietor, married her and settled in the village. He now grew rich rapidly, and became the architect of all the villas and public edifices going up in the country. His father-in-law gave him a share in his coal mines, and soon after dying left him all his wealth. Nevertheless, Henry Farnham continued his occupation, and was seen at work in his shirt sleeves in his buildings as well as during his earlier life. In his case wealth got the better head of his occupation, and though Henry Farnham was a mechanic, he was rich, and riches are "respectability." Some of the first caste indeed affected to despise him. Among these was Lawyer Dalby.

Henry Farnham's eldest boy, whom he named after himself, was sixteen years of age, and had the best education the academy could bestow. His father having from the first destined him for a trade, had instructed his preceptor to well ground him in arithmetic and the branches of a good healthy English education. He had seen the evils of the system we are endeavoring to expose, for he knew hundreds of men in professions or in store-keeping struggling miserably to get a precarious living and "keep up appearances." Tho' rich and as far as he could see, able to give something to his children, he, like a wise man who is aware of the fleeting nature of wealth; and of the evils attendant on unsuccessful reaches after professional gentility, resolved to make his son independent and truly place it in his power to make himself respectable. He felt that the father was guilty of *filicide*, who would send his son into the world without a trade or handicraft by which he might maintain himself. Much wiser he thought would be that merchant who would send his ship to sea costly freighted above decks, with an empty hold and without ballast.—Shipwreck and ruin would in both cases be the inevitable result.

Mr. Farnham, therefore, not being so foolish as to let his own wealth which might fly away to-morrow be the substitute for a trade for his

son, resolved now that he was in his seventeenth year to put him to some trade by which he might become useful to his fellow citizens, and earn for himself an independence. Having consulted him, and finding that he preferred his own trade, he resolved to bind him out to it, preferring to put him with a stranger than place him with himself. He therefore, about the same time that Lawyer Dalby wrote for a place for his son William, went to his desk at one end of his workshop and wrote the characteristic advertisement we have copied above.

CHAPTER II.

The day following the issuing of these respective advertisement a troop of youths broke from the confinement of the walls of "The Village Academy," and scattered themselves over the green, some to play "ball;" others to wrestle; while others took their way homeward talking about the afternoon's sports; for it was Saturday and there was no school the rest of the day.

"So, Bill," said one to a tall good looking youth with what boarding school-missis would term a "genteel figure," "you are going to quit school and keep store in the city. Why don't you make your father let you go to college and be a gentleman! I wouldn't keep a store. I mean to be a lawyer or a doctor. Catch me behind a counter!"

"I wouldn't either, if I could help it," said William Dalby, blushing, "I should rather have a profession; but then father says he can't afford to send me to college, and a store is just as respectable. One can dress well, you know, and see the girls every day! I hate study, and am glad I can't go to college."

"And is it true, fellows, Hen Farnham's father is going to put him out to a trade?"—said the first speaker to several companions with whom he was walking, being two doctors' sons, three merchants' sons, and a lawyer's son.

"Yes," cried they all; "but his father is rich is nothing but a mechanie."

"Yes, and I have always been particular about being very intimate with Henry Farnham," said an effeminate swain of an M. D. "I am glad now he is to become an apprentice; I never associated much with him."

"Nor I, nor I," said several voices.

"But you did, Dalby," said the juvenile M. D. "and you'll have to recognize him in the city."

"No I won't fellars; I'll cut him," answered Dalby, resolutely.

And "what for?" asked a nephew of a late Senator, a fine, bright little fellow, fourteen years old, with an indignant glow on his fair cheeks: "why will you refuse to recognise Henry Farnham in the city, because you are to sell silks and lace to women and he is to learn how to build houses and palaces! Let me tell you that I should like Farnham just as well if he was to become a shoe-maker. I don't think it would change his heart."

"You like him, Charley Wagner, because he always takes your part," said his Delicacy the juvenile M. D. "I wonder how you would like to walk in Chesnut street with him with his arms full of Carpenter's tools."

"I shouldn't care. He would be just the same with carpenter's tools in his hands as with a tailor's best clothes on his back."

"You're low, Wagner, decidedly vulgar, isn't

he fellars?" responded the others with slight disgust. "If it wasn't for your father and uncle I'd cut you. Here comes that low fellow, Farnham, after his books. Let's cut him!"

"Agreed," was the response of the six aristocratic juveniles; and all of them except Charles Wagner gathered closer together and walked forward in silence, as a stout built, handsome youth, with a frank look, cheerful smile and buoyant step came towards them. As he drew near his late class-mates he saw that something was the matter, and that their eyes were studiously averted from him.

"How now, Charley," he said, extending his hand to his young friend, "what means this funeral pace and look? How are you, Dalby? How are you, Merton? Silent! Who is angry with me?" he asked with surprise and something like regret at the thought of having offended any one. "I am just going to leave town, and should be sorry to part with any of my old school-fellows under unpleasant feelings. Have I offended you, William Dalby?"

There was no reply, but all stood looking at each other and then on the ground.

"I'll tell you what you have done, Henry," said Charles Wagner, scarcely able to articulate for the feelings of anger and contempt that filled his youthful heart, "you have disgraced yourself in their eyes by going to a trade!—This is the reason they won't speak to you.—But I can't see why your going to a trade should make any difference in you, Henry. It certainly cannot with me."

"Nor with any other person of sense or a right heart in his bosom, Charles," answered Henry Farnham, with a haughty smile as he looked round upon his late school-fellows who stood before him like culprits. Farnham felt his superiority, and restraining with difficulty the impulse to give them each and all a sound thrashing, he passed them with a rude jostle of the effeminate M. D. against Dalby, and held on his way accompanied by Charles Wagner.

We have given this little scene to show how thoroughly the youth of our schools are inoculated with this evil, or rather how thoroughly they have taken it in a natural way from their parents. Every school in Pennsylvania can show the same spirit of juvenile aristocracy having for its basis the *occupation*, either of the father or of the son.

The ensuing week, Mr. Farnham having entered into correspondence with a builder in the city in reference to his son, sent Henry to town to begin his services as an apprentice.—Henry Farnham was a well-educated boy for his age, and possessed naturally good sense and a just spirit of observation of men and things. He was no anti-trade aristocrat in feeling, for his father had taught him that true respectability consisted in living well; he therefore felt no degradation in serving at a trade, the knowledge of which might make him independent even of his expectations from his father; and his was that sort of spirit that he felt more pride in being the framer and maker of his own fortune than in having it already made from his father.

"So, young man you have come to learn my trade," said Mr. Russel to Henry, after reading the letter of introduction from his father which he had presented to him in his shop; and the master-builder surveyed him with a penetrating but mild and pleasing look.

"Yes, sir," answered the youth modestly but firmly.

"Very well; I like your appearance, and from what I know of your father, I think I shall find no fault with your habits. I am glad to find he is so sensible a man as to give you a good trade. You may bring your trunk to my house as you will board in my family. Can you get ready to go to your work with your fellow apprentices in the morning?"

"I am ready now, sir," answered Henry, firmly.

"I like that. Here is your bench and tools, and there is the journeyman you will begin under. Mr. Gregory take charge of this apprentice."

"And I am glad to get one of his stamp," said Mr. Gregory, who had overheard the interview between them.

Henry now took off his coat, and taking an apron and tying it around him, felt himself fairly inducted into his apprenticeship.

The day after Henry Farnham left Peaston in the stage for Philadelphia, Mr. Dalby received the following note:

"PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 10, 1841.

SIR—We have had the honor of seeing your advertisement, and being in immediate requisition of a youthful juvenile who will confer honor upon our firm by the respectability of his parentage and get honor himself (in course) by the respectability of our standing in life, being Dry Goods of the first nap in Chestnut-street—as we was saying—being in present defalcation of a shop lad *et cetera*, we would beg leave to answer your advertisement, and take the liberty to say to you, that if you are a Justice of the Peace, as per your advertisement endorsed, we see you are, you must be a respectable citizen, and have a respectable son. Now this being the case, we would have no objection to taking the respectable youth named in your invoice, that is to say in your advertisement, a clerk in our establishment *on trial*. We should be honored by your forwarding the article per first stage, to our address, which we give enclosed on our store card which we enclose.—If when you come to the city, you should need any article in our line, we should feel honored with your custom.

Very respectfully, your obedient serv'ts,

TAPE, YARDSTICK, & CO.

P. S. No compensation allowed besides board—a compensation for service of juveniles the first three years.

T. Y. & Co.

Lawyer Dalby read over this precious epistle three times before he could get at the "legal meaning" of it; and then he came to the conclusion that Messrs. Tape, Yardstick & Co. were little better than dunces, nevertheless they were "merchants," and he knew the firm to be a popular one. It was not the men that he cared for, but the occupation. Of the "respectability" of that of Tape, Yardstick & Co. there could be no question, and after waiting three days to see if no one else would reply to his advertisement, he wrote to these gentlemen dealers of "the first nap" and informed them that he would send his son to them before the close of the week. Having despatched the letter he sent for William.

"Well, boy, I have got you a place in town in the dry goods store of Messrs. Tape, Yardstick & Co. the first dry goods men in the city, and you may consider yourself fortunate. Now

as I have nothing to give you and many children to take care of, you must consider yourself on leaving my roof your own man, and I would impress upon your mind that you must not look to me for any more support, except for clothes, the ensuing year. With attention to your business you will soon earn a salary, and when you get of age your employers may take you into partnership. In sending you to them, I have fulfilled my duty as a parent, and the result is left with you. To-morrow you will leave in the early stage, and I will give you five dollars for pocket money."

William left the office elated with the prospect of soon keeping a store in the city. Views of fine streets beautiful ladies, handsome clothes, theatres, museums, and all other city sights that tempt the feet of youth astray filled his head. William Dalby was by nature a sensible and good hearted lad with many fine and generous traits of character. In some points he resembled Henry Farnham, and this affinity was the foundation of a boyish friendship which existed between them until it was whispered about that Henry was to be bound an apprentice. The evil that was in William's character was the fruit of an erroneous education—such an education as he might have been expected to get from such a father. Naturally frank and generous, and kind even to the poor and humble, he had been taught to restrain the exercise of these feelings in the presence of boys of the caste below him, and where he would have given them his confidence, to treat them with cold indifference, and make them feel his superiority. For a boy to be a shoemaker's or a tailor's son was in his distorted estimation, a sort of crime which rendered him open to insult and a fit subject for ridicule. These were the lessons he received and he could not but show the fruit of his teaching. He possessed an inventive mind of no mean order, and amused himself in fabricating carts, mills, and ships, till he got to be old enough to discover that this pastime betrayed a vulgar mind, when he ceased such low pursuits, and amused himself during his leisure in robbing orchards and making love to factory girls.

How fearful is the responsibility which such a father as Lawyer Dalby draws upon himself. First perverting the mind of his child, poisoning the current at the fountain head; and then sending him forth upon the world helpless, imbecile and dependent, to be tossed like a rudderless ship awhile upon the rude billows of the world, and then wrecked and lost forever! "In sending you to these merchants, I have fulfilled my duty to you as a parent," says the wicked and misguided father to the victim of his aristocratic pride. Never were so many falsehoods conveyed in so few words. He had in no one thing fulfilled his duty to him, but in every thing had been false to it. And now in sending him forth to struggle with the world without giving him a trade, and thereby placing in his hands the key of his own fate and fortune, he was doing him an injustice and injury that all time might not remedy, nor eternity itself heal. Fathers! Mothers! who would cast your children upon the world without a trade that they may be "respectable," (as you wickedly and foolishly call that something you strive for but know not what it is,) pause before you place your sons in a store or send them to college to strug-

gle through in bitterness and graduate poor and in debt! Think and act independently from this hour. Spurn the base idea you have so long harbored, that labor is degrading, and he who is farthest removed from it is most respectable. Cease to attach respectability to occupation; and learn ere it be too late by melancholy experience, that to make your children respectable in life, is to place them in a situation honestly and usefully to fulfil its ends.

It was a bright sunny morning when our mis-educated and misguided youth descended from the stage at the "Indian Queen," in Philadelphia, and inquired the way to Messrs. Tape, Yardstick & Co.'s. As this firm was well known, he found no difficulty in being directed to the place of his destination. On arriving at it he found that it was a large three story brick store, with gay rugs hanging from the upper windows and flaunting in the wind; a vast awning stretched across the pavement, and a wide door and huge glass window almost barricaded with rolls of cloth, cassimeres, silks, satins and chintzes, calicoes, and scarfs, some standing on end, others uncovered and displayed in festoons over the door, and others filling the windows with an abundance and richness of display, that our village hero had never dreamt of.

He stopped before the door and looked around him among the rich confusions of silks and velvets, and wondered if it was indeed his good fortune to enter respectable life under the auspices of gentleman, manifestly so wealthy and grand as Messrs. Tape, Yardstick & Co. and lest he should have been deceived he looked up for the sign and saw the names of the firm in large letters over the door. Ladies were coming in and going out, and a peep within showed him a long counter headed and piled with deranged goods, and a number of smooth faced slick haired youths in a line behind it, bowing, smiling, quirking and smirking to those they were selling goods to.

Among these personages William looked for the head of the firm, and finally after entering a few steps he saw a tall thin man posted at a desk at the extremity—whom from his age and general appearance he took to be Mr. Tape, or at least Mr. Yardstick. So taking his father's letter from his pocket, he pushed his way among the throng of customers to where he stood.—William had not yet learnt the polite effrontery of city clerks, so he pulled off his hat and made a low bow.

"Well, what you want, youth?" asked Mr. Yardstick, for he it was, with great rapidity of articulation.

"Are you one of the firm, sir?" inquired our hero.

"Yes—Yardstick; what you want?" he asked rapidly, as if time was short and words few.

"I have a letter, sir, from my father, Justice Dalby," answered William, handing him the paternal epistle.

"Dalby! Oh, ah! You are the young!—Hem! Let us see what he says."

And Mr. Yardstick tore open the seal and alternately read a line, and bent a scrutinizing look on "the young man," as if he had found a stray horse, and was comparing him with the advertised description.

"Ahem! so you want to keep store," said Mr. Yardstick, folding the letter formally on a tin

folder, and endorsing the name of the writer upon it, and then filing it away; "so you want to keep store." Very good. You could not have got in a better, or more respectable place. We are the first store in the city. Ahead of every body else. We'll make a gentleman of you and teach you business. Now go to work. But stop, here comes Tape. Tape, here is our new clerk from Peaston," he said to a little yellow man with pink edged eyes and yellow finger-nails, his neck muffled in a tremendous white cravat.

"The Dalby, eh?" squeaked out the little junior partner; and thereupon he fixed his pinked edged eyes upon William for the space of half a minute, and then looked at his partner.

"What do you think, Yardstick?"

"He'll do."

"You'll do, young man," echoed Tape; "now take your place here at this part of the counter. You will begin by selling cottons."

"Yes sir," said William, obeying him and taking his position, as Tape hurried away to wait on Mrs. General Lynxmuff.

"What do you stand still for sirrah?" said Yardstick angrily, hitting him a tap with his name-sake.

"I don't know what to do," answered the new clerk, deprecatingly.

"Don't know what to do, hey?" and Mr. Yardstick smiled ghastly. "I'll give you work to do! Do you see them are calicoes and goods all unrolled and mussed up? Do em all up and put em in their places on the shelves."

William obeyed, and for a new occupation, performed his work, though slowly, pretty well. In a few minutes, he was called off to follow Mrs. General Lynxmuff with seven pieces of silk for her husband to look at when he came home to dinner. So our hero's first step into gentility was by being made Mrs. General Lynxmuff's footman. But some dry goods clerks consider it to be far more respectable to be a lady's footman, or their master's errand boy, than to learn a dignified and useful trade! We would ask which was the most respectable or honorable situation, that of Henry Farnham who was put to work upon the lintel of a door, or William Dalby's who was sent to follow a lady carrying, like a servant behind her, a pile of silks? We leave to the good sense and honest judgment of the reader the reply.

[Concluded in our next.]

lege of copying.—While at Mantua, he received every token of regard which his merits could claim. From thence he went to Rome, Venice, and other Italian cities, and studied the works of all the great painters from the time of Raffaelle to his own. He improved much in coloring, by his observations of the works of Titian and Paola Veronese.

In a few years the fame of the young artist spread over all Europe, and in every place his paintings were sought after with avidity. He was employed to ornament churches, convents, the palaces of the crowned heads, and the mansions of the nobility. His learning and refinement made him an agreeable companion, and at the courts of Spain and England he was received as an honored guest, and munificently rewarded for every service. So high were his talents regarded in Spain, that he was sent on a ministerial mission from that Court to the Court of England; and although his rank would not permit Charles I. to receive him in a public manner, yet every honor which etiquette would allow was lavishly bestowed. The King engaged him to adorn with his pencil some of the apartments at Whitehall, and so well pleased was the monarch with his talents as an artist, and his character as a man, that he conferred the honor of Knighthood upon him.

In France, Rubens was also much honored, and his series of paintings in the Luxembourg Gallery, which describe the life of Mary de Medicis, are enduring evidences of his genius and classical attainments. Demands for his works came from all parts of Europe, and he instructed several young men in the art, who painted sketches and then left them to receive the finishing touches from the hand of the master. By such an arrangement, wealth flowed in upon him, and, although many of these works fell short, in merit, of many executed by his own pencil, yet he managed to touch them so skillfully that they were satisfactory to the purchasers, and the means of immense profits to the artist.

The style of Rubens' coloring is lively, glowing and natural; his expressions noble and just; and invention extremely fertile. With a mellow pencil, free execution, and great harmony of light and shade, he produced exquisite pictures, with a pleasing and striking effect.—He so thoroughly understood the principles of *chiaro scuro*, or the disposition of light and shade, that he carried coloring to the highest pitch, and gave a roundness and relief to his figures, never excelled and seldom equalled by any other artist. His invention was grand, and hence his compositions are of the most perfect character.

His own industry, combined with the labors of his pupils, produced a great number of works of genuine merit; and almost every cabinet and gallery in Europe possess originals from his hand. Throughout Great Britain there are many beautiful specimens, and in this country a few may be found. At the Apollo Gallery in New-York is a beautiful cabinet picture of a Madonna and child, by this eminent artist.

Rubens died in 1640, aged sixty three years.



BIOGRAPHY.

PETER PAUL RUBENS.

AMONG that brilliant constellation of eminent artists whose works shed such enduring lustre over Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, none beam with a lustre more resplendent than PETER PAUL RUBENS, a Flemish historical and landscape painter. He was born at Antwerp in 1577, and was descended from respectable parents. At a very early age he discovered signs of rare genius, and hence his parents gave him every advantage of a liberal education. They were for a long time exiled from Antwerp in consequence of political troubles, and when on their return they found their son peculiarly apt at sketching, they placed him under the tuition of Tobias Verhaecht, a painter of architecture and landscape. He left

him, and placed himself under Adam Van Oort; but he found his new master's abilities inadequate to the task of teaching him more than he already knew. Rubens remained but a short time with Van Oort, and became a disciple of Octavio Van Veen, a painter of much eminence. Their tempers and tastes were similar, and the pleasure he enjoyed in the society of his master made him more devoted to the art, and his improvement was exceedingly rapid. It was not long before the pupil equalled, and in some respects excelled his master, and Fame trumpeted his name abroad. Archduke Albert, governor of the Netherlands, conceived so high an opinion of the young artist, that he employed him to paint several fine designs for his own palace, and recommended him to the Duke of Mantua, in whose court he might have access to every variety of the best of paintings and statuary, with the privi-

MISCELLANY.

AN IRISH FOOTMAN.

LADY H. was one of the most amiable, good creatures that ever existed, yet, she did not like to acknowledge that she was no longer a young woman. She had arrived at that ticklish age for females—forty-two, when her complexion was no

longer fresh as at twenty-five, and her hair suddenly began to show grey tints. She did not like these signs of precocious old age. To remedy the first, there was a thousand ways, but it took her some time to determine how to hide the second.

At length, she concluded to have it dyed, very properly considering that a wig, or even false hair, is always detestable. So she sent for Mr. Donegan, a well-known hair-dyer, and after learning that the process itself only lasted a single half an hour, and that the very following moment her locks would shine in all the resplendency of polished jet-black, she determined, as she was engaged that evening to Hertford House, to make her appearance there in all the glory of renovated youth. She accordingly bid Mr. Donegan to come at eleven that night, when his entrance, his exit, and above all, his business, was least likely to be known or observed.

The evening came, the dyer of hair was anxiously expected by Lady H. Her toilette completed, her ladyship began to watch anxiously the dial of her dressing room clock. But all in vain. Eleven struck, half-past eleven came, and no Mr. Donegan.

"Run down, Charlton," said the lady to her maid, "run down, and ask Mathew if the hairdresser has not yet been?"

The appeal was made to Mathew Riley, the Irish footman, who stoutly averred that the coiffeur had not called.

"It's very odd," said her ladyship, when Charlton returned, "for I heard the bell ring twice. But never mind, he can't be long," and she resumed her favorite reading, "Rejected Addresses."

The bell again sounded, but without result; and Poor lady H. began to fear she would lose the pleasure of meeting the Prince Regent for that evening. The patience of a female has always a conclusion; so when the ring was repeated, she turned round and desired her maid to run down stairs, as she felt assured that no one but her hair-dresser could possibly call at such an hour.

Charlton went, and found Mathew in a towering passion.

"Is that the hair dresser?"

"No, it's not," and he turned angrily away.

"Who was at the door?"

"Don't bother. O the dirty blackguard!" and the footman turned away muttering.

Charlton returned to her mistress, who being anything but satisfied with the answer, again sent her down to know who had been.

Mathew looked very angry when the query was put to him, and began muttering something to himself about the rascal, and kicking, and beating, and all sorts of ill-tempered threats.

"That's nothing to do with it," said his fellow servant. "Who was it rang?"

"A blackguard."

"Who?"

"An impudent blackguard. By dad, if I had him in Ireland, I'd tache him better."

"Who was it?"

"I don't know the thief of the world."

"What did he want?"

"Want, is it?—want? Sure I'll be after tellin' ye, as ye're so curious, for it's myself ask'd him that same."

"Well, go on."

"Says I, 'What do you want at this, my fine lad?'"

"I'll tell your missus," said he. "Devil a bit," says I, "till ye've tould me first."—My business is with my Lady," says he. "It'll kape warm till to-morrow then," says I; "for deuce an inch you get in till I know what you want." Can you kape a secret," says he.. "Can a duck swim?" says I.—Upon that he came close to me, and says he—but arrah, you won't belave me."

"Indeed I will."

"Well then," says he, "I come to die here." "Die here?" says I. "Yes," says he. "And where would you wish to die?" says I. "In your missus' room," says he; so with that I jammed the door in his face."

"Indeed, then you've done wrong," said Charlton, laughing.

"By dad, he came back again just now, and says he again, as pert as may be, 'Tell your missus I'm come to die here!'"

"Well, what did you say?"

"What did I say? Sure I said what every honest boy would."

"And what was it?"

"Be Japers," says I, "ye're a big blackguard, and an ugly Christian; and if you die here, (here) I'll be d—d. Go somewhere else and die, yo dirthy scamp of the world! Die here indeed! So I gave him a push, and slammed the door in his face, and by dad, I'm thinkin' he'll niver come here again to die."

The mistake was too ludicrous. Even Lady H. laughed at it, although deprived for that night of a pleasant, royal rout.

THE DYING MOTHER.

"There is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away;
When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
And the tint that glowed and the eye that shone,
And darted around its glance of power,
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower
That ever in Paestum's garden blew,
Or ever was steeped in the garden dew—
When all that was bright and fair is fled.
But the loveliness lingering around the dead."

PERCIVAL.

It was a summer day, so bright and beautiful, that an angel wandering from his heavenly sphere might almost have fancied himself still in paradise, and forgotten that man ever had sinned. Streams of water danced and sparkled in the sunbeams, sweet flowers sent forth their fragrance upon the air, and the birds warbled their wildest songs in the shady grove. All seemed joy and gladness; but at that very hour, in the stillness of her chamber, and surrounded by sorrowing friends, one of the loveliest of God's creatures was bidding adieu to the earth with all its joys. In the spring of youth, and hope, and feeling, when life seemed sweetest, and the ties that bound her to earth were strongest, her spirit was slowly passing away. They had moved her couch to the open window, and now the golden rays of the setting sun streamed richly into the chamber of the dying. The warm breeze kissed the palid cheek, and played among her bright tresses thus clustered around her brow, for the last time.—She knew that she should never look upon the bright, beautiful world again. She felt that life was ebbing fast away, and few were the

moments left to her on earth, and as she looked that last long look, her eyes beamed with "unwonted fires," and a bright smile lighted up her countenance. Her lips parted, and a low, sweet voice, broke the solemn stillness. "Bring hither my child; let him receive his mother's dying blessing."

They brought to her bedside a young and happy boy, who had never before known sorrow; but now, his joyous laugh was hushed, the smile had vanished from his lip, and his bright eyes were sad and wandering. They had told him that his mother was dying, and although he knew not what death meant, he felt that death was something terrible. He placed his little hand in hers, and looked fearfully into her face; but that smile re-assured him, and he lisped that name so dear to every woman's heart—mother! What a host of agonizing feelings were stirred up in the heart of the invalid as he uttered that word. She closed her eyes, and for a moment her countenance was convulsed with the intense struggle.—It was only for a moment: she was calm and the same bright smile was there again. All were hushed in breathless silence until she spoke.

"My son, you will soon be deprived of a mother's love and care. You now hear me speak for the last time on earth; but when my voice is hushed in death, and my body laid low in the tomb, remember my dying words. Resist temptation, and if sinners entice thee consent thou not. Pray to thy God morning and evening; and when you kneel alone, remember how often I have knelt with you and told you that you had a parent in heaven who would always take care of you. May your mother's dying blessing rest upon your head through all the trials of this life, and when you are tempted to sin, remember that her last breath was spent in prayer for you. She paused for a moment, and when she spoke again her voice was faint and husky.

"My husband, come hither; place your hand beneath my head, and let me rest upon your bosom. I would feel your breath upon my cheek once more."

He did as she desired, but a convulsive sob shook the strong man's frame as he pressed her to his heart, and the tears that he struggled not to restrain, flowed down his cheeks. She raised her eyes, beaming with all the intensity of woman's love, and exclaimed with sudden energy: "Oh! 'tis very hard to part from you; but we shall meet again—in heaven!"

Her head sunk back, a slight convulsion passed over the pale face, and was succeeded by a smile, and all was still. The mourners were alone with the dead. The eyes that beamed with life and gladness were closed, the tongue that never spoke but to bless was silent, and the heart that beat with all a woman's generous feelings and warm affections, was still forever.

The wife and mother was dead, but she still lived in the hearts of those who had loved her. The son never forgot her dying words; and, in after years, when upon the verge of crime the same sweet voice seemed to whisper in his ear, "My son! resist temptation." That husband never suffered another to beguile his heart from its homage to the dead, but ever treasured her memory, and looked forward to the time when he should meet her in a happier world, never again to part.

HARD TIMES AND THEIR REMEDY.

A FRIEND stepped into our den yesterday, to have a good hearty grumble at the times, and to predict future difficulties. Now we know very well all the difficulties of the times, but we know they might be worse, and despondency will make them so. We feel for, indeed we feel *with*, those who suffer, and therefore understand the grievances of our neighbors.

We inquired of our friend how he was situated—whether he was inextricably involved, and learned with pleasure that, foreseeing, he had forearmed; and though he was making little—perhaps rather outliving his nett profits—yet he was comfortable, because safe. Still he exclaimed, “What are we all to do!”

“Why, what have you all to do?”

“There are,” said he, “to be paid not less than six millions of dollars!”

“Awful! What! all in one day?”

“Oh no, not in one day, but in this season; and where is the money to come from?”

“Really, I do not know; but I imagine that the same water which floats the steamboat at Market street, is used at the Navy Yard.—Let me tell you a story, very old and very common, but tolerably applicable to the subject which occupies your mind.”

One day there was trouble at the great house clock. All hands had come to a dead stand. The whole works had stopped. This excited the surprise of the long minute hand, who was in the habit of bustling about at a rapid rate. He therefore put his finger down, opened the little door in front, and asked the cause of the delay. He found the pendulum in the dumps, quite gloomy, and at a stand still.

“What is the matter below?” asked the minute hand.

“I am disheartened,” said the pendulum, at the gloomy prospects. I have been looking into my year’s engagement, and find, to my astonishment, that I have upwards of thirty millions of beats to make this year, and as there is no aid to be obtained, I must do it all myself.”

“That is bad, sure enough,” said the minute hand, “but what then?”

“Why,” said the pendulum, “finding that it would be impossible for me to get through all this I determined to stop.”

“Yes,” said the minute hand despondingly, “and the rest of us must stop in consequence of your troubles.”

This dialogue was overheard by the hour hand, which was at rest among the little ones above, and so he called down to the pendulum:

“You are quite too fearful,” said the hour hand. “It is neither just to us, nor politic with regard to yourself, to state an aggravated view, as you have done, of your labors in advance. You may have more to do than some of the rest of us, but you have no more in proportion; and you will find that whatever number of beats you have to make in a year, you have only one to make in a second, and that is what all large pendulums have to perform. The wheels need a little oiling, and I think the works want winding up; but then you see that in the hardest strain that we have, each wheel shares with the other the extra force; and I expect every day to hear that some oil has been applied to ease the operation, and it is probable that the door will be kept

a little closer, to shut out foreign substances that clog the movements. Courage and perseverance, with a little co-operation, and all will go well. Do you start below, we above will keep all hands moving, and put the best face possible upon affairs, and in a very short time we shall give striking evidence that our movements are right.—*U. S. Gazette.*

A PATRIOTIC PRESBYTERIAN.

WHEN the Declaration of Independence was under debate in the Continental Congress, doubts and forebodings were whispered throughout the hall. The house hesitated, waved, and for a while the liberty and slavery of the country appeared to hang in even scale. It was then an aged patriarch arose—his head white with the frosts of many years. Every eye went to him with the quickness of thought, and remained with the fixedness of the polar star. He cast on the assembly a look of inexpressible interest, and unconquerable determination; while on his visage the hue of age was lost in the flush of burning patriotism that fired his cheek. ‘There is,’ said he, when he saw the house wavering—“There is a tide in the affairs of men, a nick of time—we perceive it now before us.—To hesitate, is to consent to our slavery. That noble instrument upon our table, should be subscribed this very morning by every pen in the house. He that will not respond to its accents and strain every nerve to carry into effect its provisions, is unworthy the name of a freeman. For my own part, of property I have some—of reputation more. That reputation is staked, that property is pledged on the issue of this contest. And although these gray hairs must descend into the sepulchre, I would infinitely rather they would descend thither by the hands of the public executioner, than desert at this crisis the sacred cause of my country!’ Who was it that uttered this memorable speech—potent in turning the scale of a nation’s destiny, and worthy to be preserved in the same imperishable record in which is registered the not more eloquent speech ascribed to John Adams, on the same sublime occasion? It was John Witherspoon, at that day the most distinguished Presbyterian minister west of the Atlantic ocean—the father of the Presbyterian Church in the United States.”—*Rev. J. M. Krebs.*

ANECDOTE OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

We have much pleasure in laying before our readers an interesting anecdote, which was communicated to us by a person who has lately returned from Berlin. Some time since an effort was made to get rid of a windmill, the close approximation of which to the Royal palace rendered it in some degree a nuisance, and certainly an eyesore. Overtures were accordingly made to the sturdy yeoman for the purchase of his obnoxious property; but whether it was that the man was possessed of a strong spirit of obstinacy, or was really too deeply attached to his old family habitation, the result was that the offers, though tempting, were again and again refused. There are generally some individuals attached to a Court who are ready to suggest remedies, direct or indirect, for inconveniences or annoyances offered to Royalty. Accordingly, upon a hint from some minion, a lawsuit was commenced

against the obstinate miller for the recovery of certain sums alleged to be due for arrears of an impost on that portion of Crown land which it was suggested was occupied by the mill in question. The sturdy holder of the “toll-dish” was not wholly without friends or funds, and he prepared vigorously to take his stand in defence of his rights. The question came in due time before the courts of law, and the plaintiff, having completely failed to establish any right on behalf of the Crown, the miller obtained a verdict in his favor, with a declaration for payment of his costs in the suit. This was certainly no small triumph, and merrily went round the unfurled sails of the old mill, and well pleased, no doubt, was the rough owner with the sound, as they went whirling and whizzing under the influence of the gale which certainly seemed to blow strongly in his favor. But he was not the first who has found that when drawn into a lawsuit, particularly with so formidable an opponent, a man is more likely to “gain a loss” than escape scot-free. What with extra expenses, interruption of business, and rejoicings after the victory, the miller found himself pressed by considerable difficulties, and after in vain struggling a few months against the pressure, he at length took a manly resolution, gained access to the monarch’s presence, and after roughly apologizing for having thwarted his Majesty’s wishes, frankly stated that his wants alone had rendered him compliant, but that he was prepared to accept the sum originally offered for the property. The King, after a few minutes conversation, handed a draught for a considerable amount to the applicant, and said, “I think, my honest friend, that you will find that sufficient to meet the emergency; if not, come and talk to me again upon the subject. As to the mill, I assure you I will have none of it. The sight of it now gives me more pleasure than it ever occasioned pain; for I see in it an object which assures me of a guarantee for the safety of my people, and a pledge for my own happiness by its demonstration of the existence of a power and a principle higher than the authority of the Crown, and more valuable than all the privileges of royalty.”—*London paper.*

ANECDOTES OF THE REVOLUTION.

In the latter part of March, or the beginning of April, 1753, when the British were in Boston, two of their officers rode out of town as far as Waltham. As they were passing up “the Plain,” they noticed beside the way a man at work sowing his spring grain, and they stopped to pass a word with him, agreeably with the manner of the times. One hailed him with—“Ay, you may sow, but we shall reap.” “Well,” said the honest man, “I don’t know but you will, for I am sowing hemp.” The Britons received this as a very good joke, and insisted that the man should go with them to a tavern near by and drink. By the following it will appear that the British did reap. Very soon after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, (Oct. 19th, 1781,) it so happened that some of our American colored soldiers were on guard, or at work, where the British General was in custody, when the following address was made to him—“Well, massa Lord Cornwallis, now—you lost all your corn; our General Washington has got all your corn; you all cobb, and Washington be all corn.” In

the summer of 1775, when the British army lay at Boston, a message of General Washington's was sent in through Roxbury, with a flag of truce borne by a large, stout, good-looking man, from the town of Wilmington. Having arrived at Head Quarters, and while waiting for a reply, one of the British soldiers who was rather short in stature, after an attentive survey of him uttered some expressions of astonishment at his size. "Oh," said the Yankee, "General Washington has fifteen thousand men at Cambridge, and I am the only baby in the lot."

MASONIC ANECDOTE.

It is now some twenty years since, that Cap. E., late a member of one of our University Lodges, was travelling in Egypt. The present liberal ruler, Mehemet Ali, had not at the time the power he now possesses, and the English character was not so well understood in that country. The Captain was accompanied by his servant, an active and intelligent young man. They were attacked in the desert by the Arabs: the Captain made a very resolute stand, and slew two of the robbers. He was, with his servant, soon over-powered, and they were conveyed to the robbers' retreat, when they were separated. It was settled that the Captain's life should be forfeited, and he awaited his cruel destiny with as much fortitude as a brave man could feel. Instead of this awful sentence, he was, however, agreeably surprised in the morning, by his servant's approach, with the joyful intelligence that his sentence was not only remitted, but that he was at liberty to resume his journey, and this retributive justice was accompanied by every iota of the property of which he had been previously plundered. Is it to be wondered at that his servant ended in his taking early steps to claim a nearer association to him as a brother in the craft? For by the exchange of the mysterious secret, the robber of the desert kept faith with a brother mason.

IT WON'T DO.

It won't do to do a great many things in this world; for instance:—

It won't do to denounce false teeth in the presence of dentists, nor in the presence of old maids who have not had a sound tooth in their heads for a quarter of a century.

It won't do to talk about horn flints and wooden nutmegs, when there are Connecticut Yankees about.

It won't do to imagine a Legislature will compel the banks to resume, when three fourths of the members are among those who will suffer the most if forced to pay their debts instantaneously.

It won't do to eat soup with a two pronged fork, or roast beef with a spoon, when anxious to dine in great haste.

It won't do to pull a man's nose until you are fully satisfied he has not spunk enough to resent it by blowing your brains out.

It won't do for a fellow who is so drunk that he cannot see a hole through a ladder, to attempt to stand on the top of a lamp post, or fire plumb, and make a speech to the multitude.

It won't do to throw off flannel shirts on a warm day in January, in full belief that there'll be no cold weather until another winter.

It won't do to get too near the heels of a jackass, who has been taught to kick at strangers.

It won't do for a man to bump his head against a stone wall, unless he is completely convinced that his head is the hardest.

Finally, It won't do to draw the conclusion that our stock of "it won't do's" is exhausted, just because we happen to think it won't do to give our readers a larger dose at this time.—*Sunday Atlas.*

NO FANCY SKETCH.

JIM was employed to cut wood by the day. The boss come along and found Jim lifting the axe as leisurely as flat boats go up the Mississippi, and accompanying every blow with a grunt.

"Slow work, Jim, slow."

"Boss, the Bible says we must use moderation in all things."

The boss was nonplussed. At dinner Jim played his knife and fork with remarkable industry. The boss reminded him of his morning text, but Jim was ready.

"I've been reading in the scriptures since, boss—that whatever the hands find able to do, that do, with all thy might."

Boss told Jim he was entirely too learned to chop wood, therefore very politely requested him to take up his hat and walk.

THE DRUMMER BOY OF LUNDY'S LANE.

MAJOR GENERAL WINFIELD Scott, while on the frontier during the late border difficulties, at a complimentary dinner given him by the citizens of Cleveland, related the following characteristic anecdote that occurred during the battle of Lundy's Lane in the last war.

In the very midst of the battle, his attention was arrested by observing at a little distance, where a whole company of riflemen had just been cut down by the terrible fire of the enemy, three drummer boys quarrelling for a single drum, all that was left to them. Soon the two stronger ones went to "fisticuffs," while the third quietly folded his arms, awaiting the issue of the contest. At that moment a cannon ball struck the boys and killed them both. With one bound, the little fellow caught the drum from between them, and with a shout of triumph, and a loud "tattoo," dashed forward to the thickest of the fight. Said the general, "I so admired the little soldier, that I rode after him and inquired his name, which which was —, and directed him to find me at the close of the battle; but I never saw him afterwards."

At this moment Mr. —, one of the most respectable merchants in Cleveland, arose, and with a smile and a bow, informed the company that he was the "Drummer Boy of Lundy's Lane."

IRISH CUNNING.

We learn from the Detroit Post, that a volunteer in Victoria's service finding a canoe upon the beach, near Malden, got into it, and started upon a voyage of discovery. When he had got some distance from shore, he was discovered by the officer of the day, who ordered six men in a boat and gave chase. He pursued the voyager to the American shore and in his ardour he forgot he was out of the British territory, and seized the deserter. A citizen told the man he was free, and need not go back unless he wished; one of the officer's men, an Irishman, hearing this exclaimed—"If this spalpeen be free, so is

every mother's son of us! You may just go home my jewel; (addressing the officer,) and tell the Kurnel that you left us to take care of the prisoner!" The officer had to hire men to row him back, and report seven men deserted.

HOW TO GET HIGH.

"Come, Abner, take some bitters," said an old crony to our old friend Abner Phelps, the other day, "they say you get high, if you have joined the Washingtonians."

"Yes, I do get high—I have got high every day since I joined the Washingtonians! I have got up from the gutters—I am high in my spirits for my conscience upbraids me not—my credit gets high along with me—my bread barrel keeps high all the while—I carry my head high, for I feel I am a sober man, I used to go home singing, and the old woman would cry—now when I go home she sings and the children love me, and I cry for joy, and then I am so high—the honest man only can tell! And friend let me tell you, you had better throw down that glass and come and get high with Abner, for he has learned how to do that thing without having the headache or the blue devils!"—*Niles' Register.*

A COUNTRYMAN in one of the Western States, with a load of meal, drove up to a lady's door, when the following brief conversation took place:

"Do you want any meal, ma'am?" "What do you ask for a bushel?" "Ten cents, ma'am—prime!" "O, I can get it for a fip!" (In a despairing voice.) "Dear lady! will you take a bushel for nothing?" "Is it sifted?"

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

P. M. West Bloomfield, Mich. \$5.00; D. A. B. West Point, N. Y. \$1.00; M. E. Boucherville, N. Y. \$1.00; L. I. O. Wendell, Ms. \$1.00; G. P. Cairo, N. Y. \$1.00; H. W. M. Mansfield, O. \$0.50; A. B. F. Delhi, N. Y. \$1.00; S. W. Bridgeport, Ct. \$1.00; M. C. Phelps, N. Y. \$1.00; C. O. La Roy, N. Y. \$1.00; E. H. Q. Sennett, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Stokes, N. Y. \$4.00; C. C. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; H. J. Eagle, N. Y. \$1.00; E. C. Greenfield, Ms. \$1.00.

Married,

In this city, on the 6th inst. by Elder Alexander Cluff, Mr. George Clare to Miss Eliza Provost.

On Sunday the 13th inst. in Christ's Church, by the Rev. P. Teller Babbin, Mr. Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, of Piermont, N. Y. to Miss Mary Alice Fleming, of this city.

On the 12th inst. by the same, Mr. Peter Westfall, of Albany, to Miss Lydia A. Van Bramar, of Kinderhook.

In Chatham, on the 19th ult. by the Rev. E. Crawford, Mr. Elijah M. Thomas to Miss Matilda R. Lanphire, both of Chatham.

In Valatie, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. R. Dederick, Mr. Henry Shultz, of Ghent, to Miss Caroline Alida More, of the same town.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. A. Bushnell, Jr. Mr. Alexander Sheffer to Miss Emeline Gardner both of Schodack.

On the 3d inst. by the same, Mr. Jacob Kells to Miss Anna Parsons, both of Claverack.

At Claverack, on the 1st ult. by the Rev. R. Sluyter, Mr. John P. Hollenbeck to Miss Jane Hollenbeck, both of Greenport.

At the same place, on the 22d ult. and by the same, Mr. Christopher Niver to Miss Sarah Delia Platner, all of Claverack.

On the 27th ult. by the same, Mr. Allen Mambert to Miss Christina Rout, both of Taghkanick.

On the 29th ult. at the same place and by the same, Mr. Jonas Finger, to Miss Mary Odle.

At Claverack, on the 5th inst. by the same, Killian I. Smith, Esq. of Taghkanick, to Miss Elizabeth Moon, of Stockport.

At Smokey Hollow, on Saturday evening, 5th inst. by Sylvanus Heath, Esq. Mr. Jeremiah Turner, to Miss Christiana Pulver, both of Copake.

Died,

In this city, of congestion of the brain, on the 3d inst. Mr. Robert Foster, aged about 65 years.

On the 12th inst. after protracted illness, and in the tranquil hope of a joyous immortality, Lydia C. wife of Mr. John Crissey, in the 41st year of her age.

In Athens, Greene Co. on the 9th inst. of consumption, Frederick W. Tolley, Esq. in the 33d year of his age.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

LINES ON THE HUDSON.

NOBLE river, noble river!
Through a thousand vallies thou
Rollst, calm and placid ever
As the smile on beauty's brow!
Noble for thy cloud-capt mountains,
Sylvan shades and leaping fountains!

Gentle river, gentle river!
Where thy course the mist doth trace,
Vermont vale and tranquil meadow,
Slumber in thy soft embrace!
Gentle for thy glassy current,
Wood-clad banks and depths transparent!

Peerless river, peerless river!
Linked with glory is thy name;
Of thy banks renowned in story,
Everlasting is the fame!
Peerless for thy placid beauty,
Famed as the soldier's home of duty!

New-York, Nov. 1842.

R. F. G.

For the Rural Repository.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

"BRING flowers, bring flowers for the early dead,"
Bright, be the beautiful wreath;
Scatter them 'round with a noiseless tread,
O'er the verdant sod of their green summer bed,
All fragrant with morrow's pure breath.

Gemm'd with the lustre of sympathy's tear,
Let friendship her offering bestow:
Twine the green chaplet, for virtue lies here
The spirit of beauty has lit on the bier,
And placed her bright stamp on her brow.

Bring flowers for the lovely and scatter them round,
Strew them over the white urn of love;
Let no cypress wave its dark shades ne'er the mound,
But scatter young roses over the ground,
For the spirit is happy above.

Bright is the sky, where on high it has fled
No night the skies ever wear;
Then scatter fresh flowers o'er the beautiful dead,
When at evening you come with a lingering tread,
To weep for the maiden so fair.
Sag Harbor, L. I. Nov. 1842.

For the Rural Repository.

ETERNITY.

VAST, infinite, unfathomable word!
What mysteries sublime, what joys unfold,
(As yet unfelt,) duration infinite
Will yet unfold and give to man's inspection.
How full of all that's awful, grand, immense
And marvelous, the word—eternity.
The powers of memory may indeed run o'er
The past, and measuring back successive years,
Recall the tragic scenes of other days,
When kingdoms rose and mighty empires fell:
Or 'mid the bowers of sacred song rejoice
With those who shouted at creation's dawn:
Yet still there seems a point when time began—
A something vast and indefinable,
Where calculation is entirely lost,
And all the powers of thought are quite absorbed
To know what was before.

The intellect of man to reasoning trained,
May solve the dark enigma's, which appear
At times most intricate, or from the heights
Of knowledge scan the whole circumference.
Of this terrene as with a glance, then down
The track of time descending, meditate
On ages yet to come; but still it finds
An end of time! an awful verge! from which
Weak human nature back recōils, because
It fears to tread that dreadful world unknown.
Ah! fearful verge! Illimitable space!
Unmeasured and unbounded ages yet
To come!
Were every stick and spear of grass a quill,
The ocean ink, and heaven's broad canopy
Stretched out in one extended sheet, and all
The men that heretofore have been, and those
Who now, or shall hereafter live on this
Or other worlds, with these engaged to write
On heaven's extended arch, the measurement,
Extent, and all that's comprehended in
ETERNITY, the daring thought of intellect
Combined with calculation deep, would bend
Beneath the awful weight of such a work,
And vast Infinity would scorn the grasp
Of finite minds.
What! ever numbering and unnumbered still?
Forever stretching in eternal space
Beyond the tension of the boldest thought?
Can mortal man inhabit such a dome?
What angel mind can reach that giddy height,
Where Reason falls confounded from her throne,
And understanding fails to comprehend
Infinity?

Yet in this habitation infinite,
The Great, the High, the Holy "Three in One"
Presides, and "fills immensity of space."
Yes; He alone can fully understand,
"What was, and is, and shall forever be."
Davenport, Nov. 1842. B. M. G.

For the Rural Repository.

THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

How changed is the home of my childhood! how
faded
The scenes where I revelled in life's sunny spring;
E'er grief the repose of my heart had invaded,
Or earth's dark deception had entered to sting.
Each spot where I sported so free and light-hearted,
And danced away moments so gaily and fast,
Is robed now in sadness, all beauty departed—
Each feature, each remnant, but tells of the past.—
The scenes of my childhood, by memory cherished,
Arrayed by her magic, in ne'er-fading green,
I view once again; changed, faded and perished,
Are all the bright features that hallowed the scene.

The friends that hung 'round me in love and de-
votion,

When pleasure attended and bright was my path,
Are dead—or forget me;—on life's stormy ocean,
Alone, I must buffet the storm in its wrath.

The goblet of life, that gleamed once with pleasure,
Overflowing with sweetness, so sparkling and fair,
Has lost all its magic, and now the bright measure
Is tarnished with grief, is overflowing with care.

Sweet home of my childhood, farewell now forever!
I ne'er shall revisit this desolate spot

So lonely and drear, but from memory, never
Can time, change, or season, thy bright image blot.

But oft in the twilight of sacred reflection—

In the noon of the night, my spirit shall stray
To the home of my youth—where love and affection,
In beauty untarnished, first shone on my way.

Hudson, 1842. WERTER.

For the Rural Repository.

TO MY MOTHER ON LEAVING FOR THE SOUTH.

Oh, weep not dear mother, though I would weep too,
If I knew any good that our weeping could do,
Nay, weep not 'tis better to smile if we may,
And thus through life's shadows beguile the long
way.

Farewell—be thy pathway o'er flowers or thorns,
Whether storms gather o'er it or sunshine adorns;
Then weep not, it never can lighten our wo,
Be joyful, and pleasure from sorrow may flow.

Our path through this wearisome life of a day,
Is o'ershadowed by storms which make gloomy our
way,

By repining the clouds will more thickly arrange,
Be confiding, and darkness to sunlight will change.

When surrounded by loved ones, though your child
is not near,
Let your bosom ne'er heave with another sad tear,
For my fondets affection shall ever be there,
To lighten your burden of sorrow and care.

Then weep not dear mother my kindness shall leave
No cause for a tear and no reason to grieve,
Let humble submision from each one arise,
We shall meet if not here, in our home in the skies

A. M. R.

INTEMPERANCE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THERE sprang a tree of deadly name;
Its poisonous breath, its baleful dew,
Scorched the green earth like lava flame,
And every plant of mercy slew.

From clime to clime its branches spread
Their fearful fruits of sin and woe;
The Prince of Darkness loved its shade,
And toiled its fiery seeds to sow.

Faith poured her prayer at midnight hour;
The hand of zeal at noon-day wrought;
The armor of celestial power
The children of the cross besought.

Behold! the axe its pride doth wound;
Through its cleft boughs the sun doth shine;
Its blasted blossoms strew the ground;
Give glory to the Arm Divine.

And still Jehovah's aid implore,
From isle to isle, from sea to sea,
From peopled Earth's remotest shore,
To root that deadly Upas tree.

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IS PUBLISHED AT HUDSON, COLUMBIA COUNTY, N. Y. BY

Wm. B. Stoddard.

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